

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. EARNED SURPLUS, \$1,000,000.

## If You Are Seeking a Banking Connection

—which will insure stability, complete service, courtesy and convenience, this bank is ready to meet your requirements.

### Interest on All Accounts

We invite deposits of every size and pay on ALL ACCOUNTS the highest rate of interest consistent with SAFETY.



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## The Washington Loan and Trust Company

Cor. 9th and F Sts. N. W.

### NEW SCHOLARSHIPS FOUNDED AT U. OF V.

Twenty-two Additional Established by Board of Visitors at Meeting in Charlottesville.

Charlottesville, Va., March 14.—The board of visitors of the University of Virginia has established twenty-two additional scholarships in the academic department. These scholarships will be awarded to the twenty-two divisions of the United States, including Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia.

### BISHOP O'CONNELL HEADS RICHMOND ART CLUB

Prelate Enjoys Wide Reputation as Patron of Fine Arts—Succeeds Maj. Dooley.

Richmond, March 14.—The twentieth annual meeting of the Richmond Art Club was held at the Hotel Richmond on Monday evening. Bishop O'Connell, who has succeeded Maj. Dooley as president of the club, presided over the meeting.

### DINNER BY WIRELESS.

Chatham Wire Blocks Phone "Butter-in" with Radio Outfit.

Chatham, N. Y., March 14.—C. J. Gellina, a wireless operator, has been successful in obtaining the official time daily from the government station at Arlington, Va. The wire was taught to send and receive and Gellina signed up an outfit at the home.

Today, Gellina, who has refused to have a wireless station at the home, said others would follow on the wire, and Gellina said: "What would you like for dinner, drag?"

"Corned beef and cabbage," wireless back Gellina.

### URIC ACID SOLVENT

For Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble

50 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching back, and aching joints, do not mean that you have rheumatism. The day begins, and do not think you have to stay in bed. The remedy is simple. Those sufferers who are in and out of bed half a dozen times at night will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives. For any form of bladder trouble or weakness, its action is really wonderful.

Be strong, well, and vigorous, with no more pain from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic suffering, aching back, or kidney or bladder troubles.

To prove The Williams Treatment cures kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism, and all uric acid troubles, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never used The Williams Treatment, we will give you 50¢ bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address.

Send no money. The 50¢ bottle (32 doses) will be sent to you by parcel post a regular bill. No charge and without incurring any obligations. One bottle only to a family or address.

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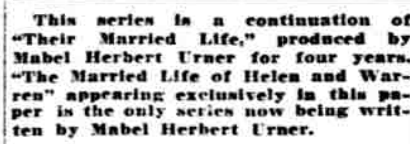
## THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER,

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Helen Has the Unusual Experience of Seeing One of Her Gowns in the "Movies."

(Copyright, 1915.)



Mabel Herbert Uerner.

This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Uerner for four years.

"The Married Life of Helen and Warren" appearing exclusively in this paper in the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Uerner.

THE darkened theater was crowded, and the air was close and heavy.

"How many? Three?" asked the usher. "There's two down front."

"Oh, we want to be together," Helen protested.

"You and Laura take those," urged Warren. "We'll get together later."

"It's too far front," demurred Laura, as they went down the aisle. "I did want good seats for this."

"We will try to get farther back after this picture," Helen took off her hat.

"Oh, I'm almost afraid to see it. I think I'm all right in the supper scene, but where I rush into the club—I know I did that badly. I told the director so, but he wouldn't take it over."

With keen interest, Helen settled back to await "The Adventures of Annabel," a much-advertised film serial in which Laura had an ingenue part. There was also the exciting prospect of seeing one of her own gowns, which Laura had worn in the supper scene.

The picture now on the screen ended with a wild ride to rescue the hero cowboy just as the lynchings party fastened the noose about his neck.

A general stir as a number of people rose. Helen glanced back helplessly. Yes, Warren had located three seats and was beckoning them.

They were hardly settled, when in large colored letters was flashed on the screen "The Adventures of Annabel."

Laura leaned forward with a breathless "Oh!"

"Getting nervous?" grinned Warren. "No use getting worked up. You can't change my row now."

It was the second episode of the series, and it opened with a girl in a taxi pursued by another taxi through a crowded city street. There was nothing to explain what had gone before.

"No, I don't come on till the end of this reel. I didn't even see this taken. Oh, yes, when it changed to a bedroom, I saw this. They had an awful time getting it—the dog was so excited."

"Oh, he's a dear!" as a large couple with a slipper in his mouth leaped into the taxi, who was thrusting some things into a satchel. "That's a real scene, isn't it?"

"No, that's taken in the studio!"

"But they couldn't get this in a studio?" as the girl ran out on the porch and down the gravel walk, the dog after her, still carrying the slipper.

"Oh, no, that's a house in Yonkers."

"But the dog with the slipper?"

"That's easy. They took the slipper along, put it in his mouth, and he ran out. That was taken a week after the bedroom scene."

It was a disillusioning insight into the movies. The dog seemed to have raced straight from the bedroom out on the porch, yet the two scenes had been taken a week apart.

"Oh, here comes my scene!" quivered Laura.

A club room. A man lounging on a leather couch. A page came running with a note. The man read it scornfully.

"That's supposed to be from me," Laura whispered.

"That's right," Laura whispered.

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Laura whispered.

The scene changed to hallway of club. Doorman in livery.

"Oh, here—here's where I come on!" her hand tightened over Helen's.

A curious shock thrilled Helen as she saw Laura walk into the picture. She wore the same suit that she was wearing now and the same hat that now lay in her lap. Yet Laura looked strangely unfamiliar. Helen's heart sank. She was not natural. She was staid and self-conscious.

The scene moved swiftly. Laura confronted the doorman. He tried to stop her. She pushed past, darted into the club room and rushed up to the man she was seeking. Pleaded with him. He faced her angrily. Repulsed her. Waved her aside. Called a page to show her out.

"That's all," breathed Laura, sinking back as the scene changed. "Oh, I was awful! I knew I would be! Oh, why didn't they take that over?"

"Why, I thought you were very good," faltered Helen untruthfully.

"Here next Wednesday," was the announcement at the end.

They waited for one more picture, a slap-stick farce, where the comedy consisted wholly of falling down stairs and tumbling over chairs.

As the scene changed, the posters of "The Adventures of Annabel" that graced the doorway, Laura turned to Warren with an abrupt. "How do you think I did?"

"Can't hand you any bouquets. You'll have to let her beat that."

"Oh, don't listen to him, he's just teasing you," protested Helen hastily.

"No, he's right. And the worst of it, I'm not doing better. The work I did that week was the best I've done. I'm working more self-conscious instead of less. Oh, they'll not keep me on after this series."

"Now don't get that idea in your head," frowned Warren. "Cut that self-consciousness and go to it—tear it off! Forget you're before the camera."

"That's what the director tells me, but somehow I can't. Oh," as they went down the subway steps, "here's an express, I'd better take it."

"I'll see you off like this," demurred Helen. "Don't let Warren discourage you. I thought you did very well. Come have dinner with us Friday."

"I'd love to," as she pushed her way into the crowded car, and waved them good-bye from the platform.

"Oh, how could you be so blunt?" demanded Helen indignantly, as the express drew out and they stood waiting for a local.

"Why let her let her fool herself," shrugged Warren. "Never helps anybody to jolly 'em into thinking they're great when they're not."

"But Laura's already so self-deprecating. She has a very expressive face. And she's waited so long for this chance. Dear, if she has to go back to stenography—it'll almost kill her."

"Huh, she was a rattling good stenographer, but she's a very good actress. She's like all the rest of the women who've been threatened with good looks. They all think they could star in the movies if they had a chance. As a matter of fact, ninety-nine out of a hundred are awkward as cows when you get 'em before a camera. Come on! Here's a local!"

A moment later the gay restaurant scene was on. Orchestra. Lights.

"End of part I. Part II will follow immediately," was the announcement now the screen.

"Here comes the supper scene. Oh, I hope I'll be better in this! This is a real scene. I told you, didn't I, that it was taken at Recor's?"

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Diners in evening dress. In the center a long table reserved for a party of eight—the players. They entered now, Laura wearing the chiffon gown Helen had given her. Head waiter was seating them pompously.

Helen leaned forward, a thrill with the wonder of seeing her own gown on the screen. How well it had taken—even to the pattern of the lace.

"Oh, you can't see so well," said Bowman's sitting right in front of me. I told her, but she wouldn't move."

"That's a shame," murmured Helen. "You looked lovely as you came in."

"Oh, here's where I have a little business with Mr. Callahan. You can't even see it," moaned Laura. "I did it well, too. Look—look!"

"Now you can see! No, she's leaned back! Oh, it's all lost!"

After this scene Laura did not appear again, and they watched the rest of the reel in silence.